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A Touch of Newton County

By Millicent Read

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The School of The Ozarks Press
Point Lookout, Missouri

A Touch of Newton County

By Millicent Read

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This little book contains thoughts, facts and dreams of Newton County, who, with her people, give beauty, peace, happiness and contentment unexcelled.

It is written with the hope that it will scatter a Newton County welcome in such a way that it's readers cannot resist knowing and loving her as does the author of—

A TOUCH OF NEWTON COUNTY
by Millicent Read

JASPER

"If you are weary of endless prattle, empty words, harsh noises, selfishness, people so engrossed in their ego, that they cannot see the loneliness and emptiness of another's life - - if you seek refuge where there is peace and joy, come to me."

- - The Hills of
Newton County

WELCOME TO
NEWTON COUNTY
"HIGHEST MOUNTAINS"
"CLEAREST STREAMS"
JASPER, ARK.-8 MI.

MY FRIENDS, THIS is just a note to bid you welcome and to tell you that in my hills and valleys you will always feel at home. My people will, to their knowledge, do all they can to make your stay here a pleasant one. They will share freely with you the fruits of harvest. You will hear the songs of birds to which I give shelter and food; the country sounds of cattle, sheep, goats and of hunting dogs and animals. The wind in all its different moods as it touches, sometimes gently, and again as it slaps in fury against the trees and cliffs; the ring of the woodsman's axe, and the buzz of the mill saw. You will see all the seasonal beauty in green pastures, wild flowers, gardens; the harvest fields; the beautiful autumn colors, and the jewels of winter time, when the stars seem to hang low, and a moon peaks over the mountain and spreads its beams on the roofs of friendly little cabins and homes. Above all, you will find good friends who share with you all that I give them, and I try to make them proud of me—their Newton County.

a special invitation

THIS IS A special invitation to all those who are searching for peace and contentment in a setting of gentle charm and beauty. If you love the hills and mountains with the quiet fertile valleys, rippling streams, country homes which hold the wealth of friendship and harvest, come to visit me. In all seasons I can treat you to the fullness of nature's gifts. Each day seems to unveil something different from the day before, because everchanging is the way of things here. The hills are moody and untiring in their display of manner and dress, but always beautiful from spring unto spring.

When first the earth is giving new life, after the long sleep of winter it is as if a rainbow burst in the sky and scattered it's fragments to dot with color the world below. The air is filled with the sweet breath of woodland life and songs of birds. Butterflies try out their new wings as they solo low and rest often on twigs and early flowers. Lizards crawl lazily through the warming sand and rock. Hawks scream loudly as they chase away intruders from their building and home sites. Rabbits teach their young to eat the first greens in the farmer's gardens. The air is filled with mating calls of birds and beasts.

Summer puts into full swing her charm by filling trees and gardens with her ripe fruits. Beautiful winding streams invite the angler and swimmer and chase away intensive heat of day and make cool the nights. Tornadoes shun the hills that break up its speed of fury.

At harvest time when the trees and shrubs don their beautiful garments of red, brown, gold and rich autumn colors and the air is crisp and clear, the busy farmers gather and give thanks for the earth's fulfillment of a bountiful harvest. Meadows and fields hold large stacks of hay and fodder. Wild grapes, persimmons and nuts are free for the taking.

When winter takes the place of autumn, he finds storehouses and larders full of the finest fruit of the land, home cured meat, bins of potatoes, pumpkin and squash. Onions hang in large bunches from barn and other ceilings. The beauty of winter's touch, as he bedecks his children in cloaks of ermine, studded with diamonds, emeralds and rubies is breath taking.

The odor of fat pine and oak from the chimneys of the farm homes is most pleasing to the nostrils. Above all, the great friendliness of the people makes for a place in which to live intimate with truth.

I'll be looking for you, and I am always ready to serve you and make you welcome.

Sincerely,

Newton County.

big view tidings

AS THE TOPMOST mountain peaks shine in the halo of sunset, I stop to wonder and reflect upon the great beauty above and below me. A bird breaks off in the middle of a song to view me, the intruder. Then, as the sun walks low and a night mist covers a sleeping town, there dwells some invisible thing—no sound, but a great stillness of mystery. Clouds form trains of pictures to stir the imagination.

The earth lies sweet with the promise of God, the guardian of the sacred silent beauty of unborn gifts of blossoms within her, that shall spring forth with the coming of some dawn. Soon from the hills high above them, will twinkle little stars that rest upon the roof tops and filter through the trees. The town folks, each bent upon their own chores and pleasures, move about in the embrace of night.

The town I look upon is a little town, rich in beauty, simplicity and cleanliness—a town which seems to rest the eye, to quiet overstrained nerves and to give to the observer the feeling of contentment and the knowledge that they belong—that they are a part of it, as are the branches a part of the tree. With this love, those that dwell here can say with a great satisfaction, "This is

my town, and it holds my family and friends—folks that care about the other fellow and strive to keep their town as it is, tranquil and unspoiled."

A traveler surely must be attracted to it's friendly welcome, and even though they travel on to other homes and places, I feel they carry away with them a beautiful mind picture and kindly thoughts, and a firm resolve to come back soon to the friendly little town of JASPER.

We should know a winding lane, a hill, and the joy of clinging and walking on it's slope. We should know, love and study the trees and the sound of wind and trembling leaves. We should know the luring sound of tumbling water, and study the swirl and search the mystery of its depths. We should know and bathe in the mountain fog and dew, and delight in the sweet scent of the fresh turned earth, the dream of the harvest it will bear. We should know the feel of ripened fruit and gather it from the trees—know the fields of waving corn and the new bound shocks of oats and fodder. We should know where the wildflowers make their bed, and fondly call them by their names. We should know the odor of spicy wood smoke, drifting low through a silvery rain. We should know the quick burst of the sun, reflecting tall trees and branches on the window pane. We should know the morning hues that kiss the mountain tops and feel awe by the mystery of the rugged caverns in their sides. We should know the jewels and ermine gifts of winter, and stars reflecting on the snow. We should know the paths of moonbeams and rename the stars in our own right, then hold one especially dear to wish on. We should know to track a shadow on the wall, watch small clouds, like sailboats in the sky. We should know our Newton County where these things exist.

know newton county

ANY TIMES PEOPLE ask about things pertaining to Newton County—things which I feel every home and land owner here, or long time resident, should know. After 17 years, I am amazed to find that I know little about my county and it's people, yet I love them.

It is easy to take for granted the gifts we have and to accept them without thought of their origin. People from all parts of the U.S. come here and they tell about places and events of an historical value pertaining to Newton County which I am ashamed to admit I do not know. Isn't it high time to do a little research and bring ourselves up to date on this beautiful, friendly and exceedingly interesting county?

Mr. Walter Lackey has done much to help people by publishing his History of Newton County, and the publication of the Newton County Historical Society's official medium, "The Homestead."

We have many unexplored caves which I am sure could be developed to stand in equality with many well known caves which people from many states visit. We have a fine natural bridge, almost unknown except by school children who like to have picnics there and run across its span.

Pottery, wood carving, rock work and the materials to support them are here.

One of the best registered Hereford cattle ranches in Northern Arkansas is located at Bass.

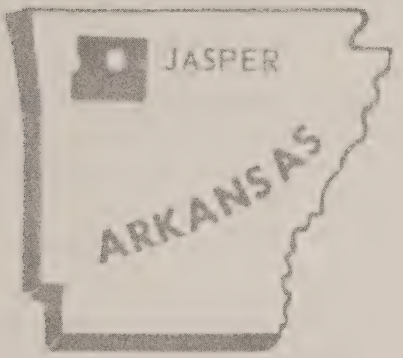
We have timbered hills and fertile valleys, beautiful waterfalls, fish hatchery, a fine dude ranch, excellent fishing streams, float trips, and above all, friendly people that invite and want others to come and share with them these treasures.

newton county day

LET'S HAVE A Newton County day! What place is more worthy of special celebrating and thanksgiving than our beautiful Newton County—our ancient hills which keep the secrets of the ages—our valleys where the red men made their camping grounds and where remnants of their handiwork can still be unearthed—paths that through the years have still kept, in part, their winding patterns even though infrequently travelled—caves that were once the homes of the hill dwellers, still bearing the smoke signs of long ago—beautiful trees that have kept vigil through the many years and were spared the woodchopper's axe—wild animals, decendents of the rulers of the forest—native and migrating birds and water fowl—clear, rippling streams hurrying on and on and singing as they travel—winds of many moods as they play through the trees' branches and whistle through the caverns. Autumn's paints are of the richest colors and he is most generous, and his artistry cannot be improved upon. It seems as if he takes special pride in decorating Newton County, which is so responsive to his touch. It should gratify the longings of any artist that can reproduce it in some measure.

Everywhere the sweetest songs are heard because we are blessed with birds of many notes and color. It is as though a rainbow burst in the sky and scattered it's fragments everywhere. Our mists and fogs of the valley play tricks with the imagination and make beautiful lakes and rivers reaching back to touch the base of the hills and mountains.

Our earth is rich and produces for it's children a wealth of the finest fruits, vegetables, berries, nuts and grains. Our hills are rich in folklore and enchantment. Smile and have faith in Newton County, and she most certainly will smile on you. Let's give her a special day of celebration and praise, and call it NEWTON COUNTY DAY.



springtime rhythm in the ozarks

THE LAND SMILES, as it's heart beats out in springtime rhythm. There is no place too isolated for spring not to enter—even in a deep cavern the warm breath of spring creeps in the mouth and creates a warm vapor for clinging rock moss and warms it's heart and cold dripping tears. On the summit of many large boulders the bear grass forms a carpet of green. Early spring heralds are bloodroot, mayapple, crows foot, wild lettuce, mustard and sheep shower, all of which are edible or are useful for medicinal purposes.

Verbenia, violets, lamb's quarter, dandelion and Indian tobacco all add to spring's beautiful coloring. Redbud, dogwood and service, with green cedar and pine for their background, are exceptionally beautiful this year. All the streams and branches are singing and running high on the rocks.

Acres of beautiful plowed fields whose edges touch the base of the hills and edges of the timberland tell of the farmer's love of the good earth. Family gardens show rows of the green of onions, radishes and salad greens while the other rows and hills hold the seed that, God willing, will produce a wonderful harvest.

The fruit trees are heavy with beautiful pink and white blooms. In our valleys they are all in full bloom, while on the benches and mountain top they are mostly in full bud and half bloom. The scent of peach and plum blooms is everywhere.

The rabbits have already located the tender green in the farmer's garden, but there is plenty to spare them a little. Pastures are gloriously green, and young calves, colts, pigs and most all baby animals romp and play close to their mother's side.

On some of the small farms you will see the walking plow and the use of horses and hear the farmer talking to them as he drives them up and down the row and turns the soft rich earth. A bright patch is seen here and there in the fields and gardens—it is the colorful dress and sunbonnet of the farmer's women folk, whose hands join his to work the soil and make their livelihood and to restock the cellar and smokehouse shelves with the finest fruits and vegetables that anyone could wish for.

It is hard to remain indoors on days like these, when everywhere is the freshness and beauty which brings new life and hope to everything and everyone, if they will only accept it, when this gift of God's, called spring, is here.

observing

THE GLISTENING TEARS of rain drops rested on the petals of dogwood blossoms as if they knew that family held the form of the Lord on the day of Crucifixion. Then, as the sun smiled through the drifting clouds and fell on a boulder close by, it was as if to say, "I'll dry your tears because He has arisen and commands that you grieve no more, but rejoice in the beauty I have bestowed upon you and your woodland."

The redbud blushed on its branches as it blended its beauty with that of the dogwood and the south wind kissed its cheeks. The freshly bathed cedar and pine stood proudly as they furnished a background for these beauties of the forest.

The service blooms mingled well with its white heavenly beauty. Spread at their feet was the earth's soft green carpet, studded with violets, anemones, lamb's tongue, bloodroot, anise and May apple.

Many rocks and boulders were covered with deer moss and waving bear grass. Some were dotted with gold donated by the dandelions. The japonica, a little bit gaudy

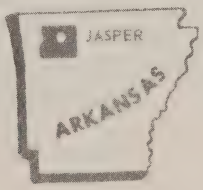
in its flaming garments, demanded attention because ot its wild Gypsy beauty.

Indian tobacco just peeked through, delaying the donning of its cauliflower patterned garments, perhaps knowing it would be shaded by these early beauties and preferred to wait and reign with the huckleberry and blackberry blooms, whose beauty is not as vivid as Spring's first born.

Disliking the cold, the poke thrust its thermometer like stalks above the earth as if to test the temperature before showing its new Spring attire. The sedge grass was disregarding its faded garments as it appeared from the earth in sheaths of fresh green.

To top all of this Spring ensemble, there was music. A chorus of birds of many colors darted in and out of the woodland chapel, singing of their approval of the Master's handiwork of which they were a part.

To see and hear all this magic and not feel very rich and humble, knowing that God walked and observed with you in this chapel is not to really live, but only to exist.



spring in newton county

I AM RESTLESS AND soon I will stir from my winter's sleep and visit my beautiful Newton County and awaken all nature's children. I have slept a little longer than usual. Several times I have been aroused from my rest, but old man winter was reluctant to leave, and for fear if my children were awakened he would be vindictive and blow his icy breath upon them and freeze the warmth and life from their bodies, I have been quiet so as not to awaken them.

My plans are for a bountiful harvest, which is the life of my earth people. I will breathe my warm breath upon the seedbeds and spill my tears of warm rain to bring forth the fruits of expectancy and hope. My tears are tears of joy that I hold such a responsible position, and thus I am loved by those I serve.

I have planned to bestow on my charges all the kindness and nourishment they need for developing full beauty and usefulness. The dogwood, redbud, violets, blood root, lamb's tongue and May apple will be among the first to be awakened and clothed in beautiful new garments to grace the countryside. My canopy, the sky, will be the most changeable in its colors and moods—at times still

and peaceful in its filmy white, pink and azure cloud garments, then when challenged by the winds and vicious moods of the elements, its fury is expressed by the darkest drown of a raging tempest, and out of its depths will come the rain and the roar of thunder will echo through its tears and a calmness that makes it doubtful that such a quiet simplicity could ever be broken or given to fury, will take effect.

In my name the farmers bless their fields. The fresh scent of freshly turned earth, the cry of new born animals from the barn lots and stables welcome me. Overflowing with joy, springs and branches sing their merriest songs. The choicest corn is shelled by the farmers and their families, to be dropped into the furrows and entrusted to my care until old enough to stand high and defy that sun and beating rain. Green carpets will unroll almost overnight. The stars and moon will seem close as if watching the earth's rejuvenation. Trees will hum their most plaintive melodies. Beautiful hills and valleys will quickly respond to my call and unveil their beauty.

People will come from north, south, east and west to see me in the most beautiful of all my workshops, and remember me always as "Spring in Newton County."

the spirit of easter

TOUCH WITH CARE the satin ribbons, silks and velvets of the Easter gowns and hats. I gaze at the beautiful Easter bunnies, and bright baskets holding eggs of many colors. As I watch the wistful eyes of the children with their noses pressed close to the store windows, I wonder, is this the true Easter spirit? Perhaps it is good for those whose financial circumstances will allow the purchase of expensive gowns, hats, and all the Easter finery. Yet, here, too, I wonder—Would it not be far better to take the cost of this glamour and add to the funds for homeless children, impoverished humanity, heart, cancer and many other worthy causes? Surely selfishness has no place in our Easter observance. Perhaps we forget the true meaning of Easter. Would the church service not seem much more meaningful and beautiful if the congregation wore more simple clothing and the contribution box held more funds for the churches' upkeep and help of the needy? A house of worship, in my opinion, is hardly the place to display finery, which keeps away those that can not possess it. One's garments should mean little at such a gathering, as long as cleanliness is observed. I feel that churches would hold more hearts solidly in need of spiritual help if the consciousness of dress were obliterated.

I have heard people say, "I would like to attend church more often, but my children are embarrassed because I cannot dress them as nicely as some of the other children." Of course, it could be said that if one attends church to worship God, they should not observe what others wear.

My view here is that we need a quiet unpretentious place in which to worship, and eyes unaccustomed to lavish clothing and ornaments cannot help but notice, and their minds become abstracted from the services. Any one of the congregation objecting to dressing more simply and not flaunting their finery before those that cannot afford those luxuries, even if they wished to do so, surely are not attending church for the love of God and their fellowmen.

Be temperate in your attire, if a display of finery could be the instrument of promoting a feeling of inferiority and cause people to remain at home when they feel the need of a teacher of God's word in the church of their choice. Let me, Easter, mean simplicity, brotherly love and compassion, no matter what your religion may be, and we will all look and be more rich for this endeavor.

Yours sincerely,
The Spirit of Easter

easter plans

I WILL NOT LOOK in envy at beautiful Easter bonnets and stunning gowns bedecked with flowers and perhaps jewels. I would not trade my Easter blessings for anything money could buy. The things I shall have and see are the most precious of all to me.

My head will not bear an Easter bonnet, but if the day is fair, it will wear the sunlight and tree shadows. My garb will be a simple everyday affair. My shoes will be those that will allow the feet to walk in freedom and ease through the hills and valleys which I love. I will stop and say 'hello' to the people who dwell in such a paradise. I will look into eyes that still can shed a tear in sympathy over the sorrows and misfortunes of others. I will talk with folks whose hearts are warm with love for their friends and neighbors. Their hands may be rough and wrinkled from toil, but they are beautiful hands because they are the caretakers of God's priceless gifts—the good earth and all it produces. Their laughter is not affected and it is most contagious.

Our conversation may be about the 'salart' greens which are now poking their heads through the earth—the bear grass, crows foot and wild lettuce. They will tell of the

best places to look for dry land fish, or what is known as timber mushrooms in some states and areas. We will talk about the kinds of vegetables which they will plant, and walk around to see some Easter chicks just hatched. Always there will be some new born animal to see and watch with wonder and admiration. It would be unusual not to see daffodils and crocus in bloom around the yard, and a special treat is a drink of cold spring water.

Upon leaving, to look into their eyes, which can meet yours squarely and hear them say, "Y'all better stay all night with us," is to feel good and thankful to be near people who care and know the true meaning of the words, "Love Thy Neighbor."

I promise myself to visit these friends and places more often as this Easter day comes to a close and my tomorrows will be the brighter for this Easter spent with the people that know its true meaning—the people of and to whom Newton County belongs—Hillbillies, God bless them.

mountains of home

I LOOK HIGH TO a mountain, wishing that it might speak out its wisdom and knowledge of the people who shared its country and lived in its shelter. I fancy that if I understood its language my heart would be quenched of the thirst for understanding and wherefore of the ways of peoples. I would ask why men would want to leave and to seek far away mountains and valleys when so much was here just for the taking; Deep caverns, springs, waterfalls, lush green pastures, wild berries and fruits, rivers and streams for the finest of fishing, remote and secluded areas where deer, possum, coon, bear, fox and many fur bearing animals roam, herbs for medicinal purposes and the only medicine known to the early settlers. Surely depression and restlessness should not have abided under your watchful eye, yet people have forsaken you as humans forsake one another, perhaps in quest of something unknown to still an unexplained desire which might only result in discontent and stagnation if not pursued. Surely there are no places more beautiful or desirable than in your domain.

You represent every mood from the first cry at birth to the last breath of life, and the dream of the hereafter. You do not have rhythm—you are rhythm. You are the

pulse of your people—a sentinel who is never sleepy or unfailing in guardship. Do not feel forsaken by the foolishness and shallowness of a people who seek only material things, because they only mar your kingdom, but most of them will return to you the wiser and better because they have sought for the things that you have held for them always. Then they will come to the realization that you hold all they demand of life—love, beauty, bonds of friendship and a horn of plenty. You have never failed in your duty to mankind. It is (they) that have failed—the people—in their blindness to the freedom and peace that you hold for them.

If you were destroyed, the earth would lose one of the most beautiful and blessed of all God's gifts, and the sea would weep as I do over the thought of your destruction, and cover the earth with its tears.

You put faith and courage into the hearts of those that know you. To leave you would only be to grieve and to return to the realization of all the good you stand for, the fulfillment of dreams.

rich reward

I KNOW THE WARM handclasp of friendship; the toil in the fields as I help the good earth give of its best production in order to maintain the bodies and good spirits of my family. I have held firmly the plow handles and harness reins, and have dropped the seed into the warm Spring earth and set plants in rows and beds prepared with plow and hoe. At the fulfillment of their promises I have gathered their bounty and stored it in jars and bins for winter use when the earth rests and makes ready for my return at planting time.

I have clasped the tiny form of a new born and caressed it—administered to animals and helped them deliver their young. I have felt the tongue of a dog as he gratefully kissed me for a service rendered, and the rougher one of a calf as it coaxes for more food.

The moist nose of a friendly horse has nudged me for more attention as I stroked his mane. I have handled many forkfulls of hay at the end of the day and tossed it to waiting stock.

I have brushed away a tear in time of loss and grief—helped prepare a last resting place for a departed one—

held the Bible and hymn book when I trembled with weariness. I cut the logs and built a home where the doors were never locked, and a welcome was out for those who chose to enter there. I have dug and curbed wells and opened springs from the bowels of the earth and bathed in the soft, clear water—dug deep holes to hold the fence posts I had sharpened.

I have offered my services to my country and all mankind.

There was little time for my own care, and now I am old and wrinkled, but my reward has been great. The most wonderful rich reward came in one sentence of tribute to me: "Thank you, God, for those Hillbilly hands!"

parthenon valley

MY SPRING COLOR SCHEME was chosen carefully by my Maker. Yellow, green and white predominate. Cliffs of white and golden hue are the background for this beauty. Peach, pear and cherry trees, wearing their most beautiful blossoms, grace the grounds of my cabin. A stream below a rock wall sings merrily as it travels on and greets a timid deer as it stops to drink.

Swaying pale yellow meadows stretch out before me. Hazy mountain peaks against a powder blue sky breathe the air of spring. Sassafras shoots and polk show green through the brown of their winter garb. Early roses blush upon their branches - - bees are busy as they gather the Japonica.

In farm lots and fields, new born calves, colts and pigs play and go through crazy and funny looking antics, returning to their mother's side at the first approach of strangers. Baby chicks try their first scratching in the warm earth. All the wild life seems intoxicated and happy with spring's arrival and are free of hatred for the whole harassing world.

Here much building is in progress, as birds with beaks laden with straws and bits of building material fly to their building sites. Rabbits, too, are making plans for the arrival and security of their families and making shelter for them. The air is filled with spicy and woody fragrances, combined with the pleasing odor of the freshly turned earth. The woodpecker and sapsucker tap out a rhythm to the singing of the song birds and rippling water.

Not to stand in awe and wonder at this perfect network and gift of spring would be a great emptiness of appreciation and reverence to the touch of God. I am always proud to welcome you.

Sincerely,

Parthenon Valley

the hills of newton county

IF YOU ARE WEARY of endless prattle, empty words, harsh noises, selfishness, people so engrossed in their ego that they cannot see the loneliness and emptiness of another's life - - if you seek a refuge where there is peace and joy, come to me.

Direct your feet to the nearest trail which winds up into my hills. Forget time - - everything except the nearness of the One who reigns supreme, the beauty of all your surroundings, and the expression of love which is everywhere. Let your dreams be of full voice, and speak aloud your innermost thoughts and desires. Here they always will remain a secret.

Let pent up tears and emotions have full swing, for bitter and chill loneliness cannot remain here. Forget yesterdays and be unmindful of tomorrow. Be aware of the fullness of the earth's treasures, your rightful inheritance. Make note of the various trees, beautiful in any season, even when they have let fall their beautiful garments and stand stark against the sky.

Watch the sun as it touches the water trickling from the cliffs along the trail. Study the birds - - listen to their

songs and cleanse your heart with their company. Watch the changing clouds that overflow and spill in mysterious beauty and shapes, making pictures so vivid that they belie the imagination and become reality. Hum with the song of the wind - - be aware of the rugged beauty that stands undaunted in a cliff high above the rim of a far away mountain.

Breathe deeply of the spicy odors of the good earth. Marvel at the spider as he weaves his silken thread between the cedar bows. Take a piece of cedar and rub between your hands until its oil perfumes the skin. Search for rocks of odd shapes and many hues.

Do not fear to wait here for the dusk and the ever-changing voices which accompany the darkness - - the plaintive voices of the night's children. Let your imagination have full reign and see in the snags and brush the outline of the animals which roam the forest. Wait for the stars as they twinkle above the still sleep of the valley as it forgets its days toil.

Fill your eyes with the starlight before you start homeward. Apologize to no man for these stolen hours away from so-called duty. Say only, if pressed, that you have walked with God in the Hills of Newton County.

i am a cavern

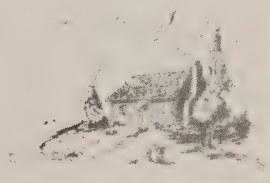
HE YEAR is growing old. The path that leads to me is a red and golden carpet. The wind is low and it sings softly in a melancholy strain - - soon it will burst into an autumn gale and toss and churn all the dead leaves and delicate workmanship into a whirlpool of fury. The water shimmers beneath the amber glow of sunset with sailing leaves dotting its surface. The frogs dig deep into the mud in the shallow edge of the inlets. Feeding fish snap at the dragon flies and other insects within their leap. All this I can view from my door, which is never closed to anyone or anything.

The squirrels have built many a storehouse close to me. Rats have stored peach seeds, walnuts and even poke berries on my entrance shelves. The coon and wildcat come inside my door to drink of the clear, cool water which never ceases to flow.

My walls and ceiling are studded with glistening rocks which, by comparison, put many a rare jewel into oblivion. My music is the dripping and murmuring of the streams which have coursed my walls and floors a period of time that none can truly measure. I have a comfortable, even temperature - - not cold, not hot. There are a few open-

ings in my walls and ceiling from which the sunlight, moonlight and stars peek through to cheer me. I have many rooms which are always open to anyone that cares to visit me.

Some call me treacherous and say they would not venture within my walls, while others are anxious to visit me and find great beauty in my domain. I have kept many secrets - - the secrets of a people that have come to me for shelter and protection. The Indians and the hunters have made a fire and prepared a feast of the game which they killed in the forest. My name is not unusual. I am called Cavern, or Cave, and I am located in Beautiful Newton County.



abandoned

IT IS NOT GOOD to stand deserted and watch as another takes your place. I have turned both the new and old ground; made furrows to hold the seed and have covered them carefully. Later, I have thrown to them the good earth to give them strength. I have felt the warm hands of my master as he walked behind me and guided me through the long day and burning sun. Often his children would beg to take me around the garden and fields. I have heard the folk songs of the farmers as they tailed in the fields; the sharp bark of old Shep as he walked beside the horse that pulled me, and who is now sleeping deep in the earth he helped me tend. His usefulness, like mine, is at an end.

I remember when they pulled his rein from my arms and hung them and the harness up for the last time. The crib up on whose walls they hung has long since rotted - - just the sills and a sagging roof tottering on rotten framing remains. Where the farm house stood in the shade of elm and maple trees, a new stone house stands, but it has not the friendly, inviting look and simplicity that the old home revealed. Instead of the folk songs and spirituals the family sang, there is music of a different kind which comes in on the air waves from all parts of the

country. Much of which does not seem to belong in the quiet, restful sounds of the farm.

I have watched folks come and go. Some have even asked why I was not put out of the way. My successor, with all the glamour and paint is loud of mouth and even disturbs the birds with her harsh voice. The farmer's dog will not walk beside her, because of her noisy manner. But in spite of all this, man says she is easy to live with - - the kind that is so nice to come home to. So, I stand aside, desolate and alone with my memories of times when I was needed, and not just an abandoned plow.

natural bridge

I STAND LONELY and seldom visited except by school children when they come to have a picnic - - to play and romp around the ground where I stand. They build fires beneath me for a wiener roast, and some take my picture. They run upon my back, and some are frightened for fear they may fall to the earth below my span. My back is strong and wide enough for two trucks to pass. My home is in beautiful Newton County, about three miles from the town of Deer. Little trails lead to me with branches of water running along the way.

It is a wooded area where many rabbits, fox, possum and other small game can be seen. Many birds build their homes among me and in the cliff rock which is my background.

I have many sisters which are famous and claim world wide interest. The most of them are in Utah. One has an arch of pink sandstone and very beautiful, and is three hundred nine feet high. Three others live in south east Utah, near Blanding, and they, too, are very tall. One is two hundred twenty-two feet tall with a two hundred sixty one foot span.

I wonder why I should be so lonely - - why the people have not been as fascinated by my rugged beauty and strength as that of my sisters? Perhaps no one has taken the time or thought to compare me with others so far away. Please come and see me with that thought in mind, and I am sure that soon I will have national mention and be visited by many - - perhaps given a beautiful name.

My friends, Millicent and Bob Read, of Big View will be glad to direct you to me. They believe in me, and after all these years think I deserve more than to stand in lonliness. Your Natural Bridge.

i am round top mountain

EWTON COUNTY is my home, and I belong to the Boston Range. Dune shaped, I stand high above a little town in the valley. My age is questionable, but people say I belong to one of the oldest families on earth.

I have held the Red man's children in my arms, and sheltered them from their first cry at birth to their last breath on earth. I have witnessed their ceremonies for many occasions - - watched them make arrowheads from the flint of my land. I have harbored the fur bearing animals and supplied them with food, so that they in return, could provide garments of warmth for my Indian people. Deer, bear and small game I have kept for their food.

In the spring time, my good earth furnished the crow's foot, wild lettuce, bear grass, poke, wild onion, May apple, anise, peppermint, wintergreen, sassafras, gensing and many other edible foods and herbs for their use. Belching rocks made many springs of fine clear water. My fields of rich soil have produced full bodied ears of yellow corn, which were shelled and their kernels ground in the basins made out of my rocks known as metates. Trees grew strong and tall in many crevices made by the gaping earth.

Overhanging cliffs were used for homes and shelters, and for storing winter supplies for both humans and animals. Many of them hold the remains of those who went on to Happy Hunting Grounds.

A network of little trails made by trappers lead to remote caverns, thick brush and heavy timber. The poke berries and black walnuts hulls were made into dyes for blankets and clothing. Fine clays for pottery of all descriptions were in my storehouse.

Below me the Little Buffalo River and Spider Creek provide good fishing, canoeing and bathing.

These people have been taken from me by the white people, and given special areas called reservations, leaving me with a great emptiness and loneliness. The pines murmur their songs of lamentation.

The white man has accepted my offerings and lived within my estate, but he knows not of the secrets I hold within my heart. I am wounded when people affect indifference for my beauty and my precious gifts, which were created by Him as perfectly and as carefully as they were created.

I know there are those that love me for my historical background, but I need the feel and warmth of life. Won't you come and visit me?

Sincerely,

Round Top

honey creek

ABOVE ME the hills stand high and defiant against the sky. Cliffs shelter me and discourage an intrusion to my domain. After the skies have let down torrential rains, the "pour-off" spills in a heavy waterfall down the side of the mountain and roars against the trees, then forms a winding stream, becoming quiet and restrained as it reaches the edge of my land.

Many trails wind in all directions, although abandoned for years except by a few hunters. They stand out plainly to the eyes of those that once knew them. Board roofs sag and some cling to the foundation posts, rotting and curling, while many hewed logs and puncheon floors still are strong in spite of the cruel treatment of the elements.

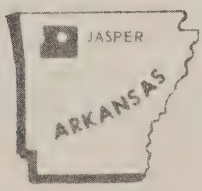
Rock fences are entwined with vines and blackberry bushes. A garden gate swings and creaks on a rusty hinge. The fruit trees which once yielded the finest of fruit, stand with their broken limbs touching the ground, and the trunks are sieve-like in appearance from the woodpeckers drilling.

The old well curb of native rock is crumbling and falling, but the water still stands high against the wall. Above it

where the grape arbor supported fine yields of fruits, a rotted post with a rope of twisted vine is all that is left for remembrance. A pile of rotted lumber, pieces of window panes, shingles, and a sill are all that is left of a little cottage. A Paradise tree by a spring has long since broken its bind of hickory bark which held its baby limbs together and stands high against the sky.

A wagon wheel, a piece of harness rein, a broken bit, and a cradle made of hickory mark the place where the smokehouse stood and held the finest in country and stuffs from my land. Many birds, squirrels, coons, possums and stray stock keep me company. Sometimes I am visited by ones that lived with me and loved me, but I seem to make their hearts sad in my state of elemental destruction.

I am wondering if their will is strong enough to support their fondness of me and return to give me the care for restoration of my beauty? If not, I have only time to die of heartbreak, remembered as the old home place - - Honey Creek.



golden river ranch

MY HOME is a beautiful valley. Peace, happiness and contentment are the chosen ones to dwell with me and to watch over God's beautiful creations, of which I am a part. My fertile soil gives life for the body needs of man and great beauty to fill his soul with wonder, awe and reverence.

The oldest hills on earth are my shelter and guardians. Beautiful trees nod and dance as gracious ladies of the King's Palace, to the music of the winds. Wild flowers are all about me - - beautiful moss and ferns cling to my rocks and crevices, while high cliffs catch the many moods of the elements.

The morning kiss of sunrise is a halo which they wear in saintly style, while its rays fall low to caress the creek beds and the winding river close by. The cliffs are turned to a golden hue of light and deity, and stand like giant statues against the sky.

In my possession is a huge cave whose entrance reminds one of the mouth of some prehistoric monster with a wide yawn. Rock formations of rare beauty are within this gaping jaw, while water flows in a rippling stream and spills from the mouth of the cavern to form a shimmering

stream as it dances down over the rocks and hills to the ground below.

Some of the cavern's formations take the form of brown tobacco leaves hanging low from its ceiling. Here is a refuge for all wildlife, where they may find tunnels and many rooms to romp in. A steady clear, cool stream of water runs through.

Fine corn and grasses have grown on my earth and made for a bountiful harvest. A little log cabin stands deserted, holding only the secrets of those that have dwelt here. The windows are gone, a door sags and creaks on a rusty hinge, but the foundation is strong in spite of neglect and the lashings of the elements.

Wild berries, plums, persimmons, walnuts and grapes are in abundance and attract many coon, rabbit, fox and possum. Deer and their fawn drink from the springs and streams, glad of the lack of human intrusion. The sounds of my woodland are rich as church chimes in the still of night. The inhalation of the pine tree's breath awakens the flowers, grasses and bushes to stir and talk among themselves in the breeze.

At times, the sky and river bed seem to meet, and in a soft, dark velvet sky, the stars twinkle and hang low - - an ethereal beauty to soften hearts as a beautiful benediction. Deep and simple things are a part of me, and remain through all the seasons. A welcome is there to rest the mind of those that enter my parish. All these things are free - - of the infinite, and God for the asking.

Golden River Ranch

home

GRIEF RAGES in my heart like winter winds through ruined castles. I have been condemned to die, to be dismembered and cremated.

Only a few short years ago, I was called beautiful, friendly and desirable. Many have lived with me and entrusted me with their secrets and their possessions and depended on me for protection when the elements rocked in fury. I have witnessed the birth, childhood, marriage and death of my inmates. My heart still echoes the sounds of the past, a baby's cry, lovely songs, happy voices of children at play, and with the melancholy sounds of grief and lamentation. My life has been rich and full, yet I am not ready to die.

I feel that with a little love and care, and the desire to make me strong and lovely again, my usefulness and beauty could be restored, and I could serve for many years to those entrusted to my keeping. But if not one human can recall the vows they made to keep me always because they loved me, I am doomed.

It was only a short time ago that I had hopes of a happier tomorrow. A boy who grew to manhood within my walls,

came to visit me. He was lonely and longed to see me again, to see if I would be as he remembered me. "My friend," he said, "you need much care and rejuvenation, but perhaps we can arrange it and I can have you back again." Maybe he will hear about my sentence in time to save me. Perhaps he did hear and that is why he came to see me!

Dare I hope that I will be spared and live to be the little house on the hill called 'HOME'?

- - - - - - - - - -

I am going to build a little cabin on a mountain where I can see the beautiful valleys below. I will have a stream, rippling through my fields; many lovely trees, wild plum, grapes, chinquapins and berries; a garden of old fashioned flowers. Every bird will be able to find food and water at all times. I will certainly have a dog and a saddle horse, a cow, some chickens, and my latch string will always be out and a welcome waiting for Newton County friends. The 'Furriners' will call me a Hillbilly. Who am I? - - I am just a dreamer.

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From the first sign of a brewing storm, to its visit, there seems to drift, between reality and a dream, the time when a blue sky gives way to a cold, pale one, and the mountains stand high and black against it. From its troubled bed the thunder grumbles, and with it comes his frown of darkness.

I fancy I see the will-of-the-wisp flashing its light while swaying from the Big Creek bed at Red Rock. It is to watch through a churning darkness to see the light of the firefly and the glimpse of a star, as one cloud makes a rift to give way to another. There is a rhythm and melody to Nature's moods that chill to the marrow, then suddenly, there is a momentary hush -- a great stillness -- a second or so of oblivion; then the loud roar of thunder; the zig-zag flashes of nightning become more frequent. The rain descends and spanks the earth, and the wail of a strong wind returns the senses to the reality that this is a thunder storm, not a dream; but these few moments will remain vivid and will urge a return to a certain spot at Big View to witness another approach and fury of a thunder storm over Big Creek Valley.

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I have spent many lonely hours while waiting for my family to come home. My grounds have been abandoned and has cried for much needed care. My fruit orchard has dropped its fruit to the ground, to be rotted and wasted there.

The sun casts its shadows on abandoned paths and trails, which gave way to weeds and brush. Moonbeams shine through empty rooms. Wood ashes now remain in the fireplace - - a reminder of many cheery evenings, the songs familiar to the hill people.

My life has changed, and my heart is alive with hope and promise of a happier tomorrow. Friends have cared for me

enough to want to do all they can to make me happy and to give me the love and care which will make me live again in beauty, peace and happiness. My springs will be made clean of debris and allowed to flow freely again. Feet will trod my trails and eyes will admire the beauty I possess; loving hands will help to make me more beautiful. My cottage will be blessed with love and happy voices will fill the heart of me with warmth. Friends will be welcome within my walls. All of these things. The next year, which should bring the fulfillment of all I am waiting for makes the waiting less lonely. Yes, I am indeed fortunate and my owners have given me a name, and I claim one hundred seventy-five acres of Newton County. My name is Anabelle Glen.

- - - - - - - - - - - -

It is good to know that I am giving great pleasure and contentment and that I possess great beauty, regardless of any weather conditions or time. Just a few short years ago, I was only known to my children and a few visitors that would travel over rough roads to see me. My children were used to me and my beauty did not excite them - - it was just taken for granted.

Today, a beautiful hi-way is above me, where people travel from all parts of the world. The hi-way is named No. 7, and it is the main route from the north to Hot Springs and points south; and from the south to our great lake region of Norfork and Bull Shoals. This month has brought many visitors and my picture has been taken by all types of cameras. Many remarks are made in reference to my beauty. My hills are claimed by scientists to be

the oldest hills on earth. Many people have wished to live in my domain, not being able to resist my beauty and the good earth which I possess, my clear springs and excellent water supply, they have purchased homes, farms, and ranches which I hold and watch over.

Many trails and roads wind through my land and climb away to the hills above and around me. Every season lavishes the most beautiful gifts upon me and I am often referred to as the lady of many moods. It has been said many times that I am never twice the same.

Yes, I am indeed most fortunate to be loved and admired by so many and be so closely related to Big View, the beautiful Lady of the Mountain Top, where people stop to look down and learn my name - - BIG CREEK VALLEY.

scenic point

N THE YEAR 1956, I was born and christened in the name of Scenic Point. My mistress and and master, Cecil and Van Kimber, have been most kind to me and have given me all the advantages which have won for me the admiration of people all over the world.

My home is located three miles south of the little town of Jasper, whose charm has lured many people to visit her and to reluctantly leave. From my vantage point, one can see forty miles to the distant skyline and over fifty miles wide on the perimeter, wherein there are one million two hundred eighty thousand acres of land on which one can feast their eyes, including several of the highest peaks in the Ozarks standing proudly in all their glory.

It is a pleasure to see and hear the people proclaim my rare beauty and to know they take away gifts of remembrance, but the best of all is to hear them tell my owners that the time spent with me shall never be forgotten, and to know that I have made so many people happy as they wave farewell. I know they will return to me, and that I have earned my name - - SCENIC POINT.

manaolana

PATCHES of blue mingle with the white of drifting clouds - - a tall tree snag stands out against the sky, topped with a red bird music box who never seems to be exhausted of tunes, stopping only long enough to tip its head as if waiting for applause. Hawks take off in a screaming flight pursued by angry birds because they tried or have stolen into their cliff nests to rob.

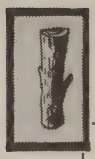
Summer is getting weary and soon will slip aside to the rule of fall. Already there are fall sounds in the air, fall colors on various trees, fields of dried corn and gardens of dying vines. Crows are noisy with their caws, as they feast on the corn in the fields. The earth has given of her best to fill the storehouses and cribs with its riches.

In more secluded spots, the grass waves green and the grasses close to the water's edge bend with the breeze to dip their pointed tongues into the water it thirsts for. Butterflies balance themselves gracefully on the rocks as a stiff breeze presses against them. Frogs, aware of human intrusion, go plunk into the water - - schools of minnows and baby fish dart quickly here and there as a pebble is tossed close to them.

Bushes hang heavy with the weight of the elderberries - - the air is sweet with perfume of the timber. What a wonderful place to spill your dreams in the sanctuary of the hills for in the wisdom and fertility here they most surely should take root and come to be. Here you are free to think aloud, if you so desire, your innermost thoughts and beliefs. There will be no mockery or belittlement of them; only a great peace and quiet which seems to envelope you.

A low murmur of the swaying trees seems troubled that a soul should be so in need of their wisdom. Here you may walk away quietly, much the wiser and better for this brief visit to the place which I name Manaolana - - an island word - - a compound word for hope-swimming-thought.

thundercliff



IT IS DARK and I am very cold. Winter loaned to me a cloak of ermine which I proudly wore until Old Sol, a little envious of my beauty, stole it from me, leaving me to the mercy of Boreas in one of his frigid moods. My baby pines and cedars bow low at his approach, while the older ones and the oaks stand defiant and sway in rhythm to his tempestous wail. Dried oak leaves that have managed to hold tightly to their bearer, give the sound of castanets as he blows them with his icy breath. Silhouetted against the cold grey sky, a leafless gum with its uneven limbs plays tricks on your imagination and becomes a desert Joshua tree. My ceiling takes the form and likeness of a wilderness lake, cold and quiet except for the shrill voices of large night-birds in flight.

To the left and right, the beautiful Hi-way No. 7 winds in and out among the hills. At my left, Red Rock Point stands out clearly against the dusky sky. I wonder if my earth should tremble, would it ever slide and go tumbling madly into the valley below, leaving deep gashes in the bowels of the earth, covering with rock and debris, the little village of Vendor and its surroundings.

In the dusk, the rocks present themselves like sculptured archways with little streets between. Thunder has sent its echo from those cliffs into my heart. Below me many fields, some crescent shaped, some ribbon like, some round, spread out like beige colored carpets. The sedge grass bends its yellow plumes with the resemblance of waving grain. Mistletoe rests in the arms and on the crown of some of my offspring.

Asia Point stands to the right of me, and tonight she wears a veil of haze that the golden glow of sunset could not penetrate. She is a beautiful lady and wears any seasonal garment and color well. Lights dot the valleys and hills and twinkle like stars. Rabbits find shelter in the tufts of grass and trunks of fallen trees. All around me there is a great stillness.

I am very proud of my domain and of a compliment paid me tonight. This human said, "Maybe you are not of intrinsic value. I can understand why those two sisters, Francille and Edith chose you to hold and guard their home. Thundercliff, you are beautiful, even in your most ugly attire."

grand-dad's place

THE LAST MEMBER of my family has left me. For eighty years, he lived within my walls and loved me. My heart is cheerless now and lonely. The night wind beats against my walls - - a broken branch rubs against my window pane - - my doors are blown open and are squeaking on their rusty hinges. A shutter bangs and makes an echo as its sound hits a nearby cliff. The chill air sweeps through my empty rooms and scatters the dust. The picture, that has hung above the mantle for many years, is the only bit of warmth left - - the smiling face of an old man who knew me from my birth and cared for me as well all through his lifetime.

From the time his first baby steps were taken upon my floors until he left me, my rooms were full of love and cheer. A bench still stands by the fireplace where he used to sit and read and dream of far away places he would visit when he became a man. There is a hole in the hearth where his baby hands poked many a button and plaything through, and which had to be retrieved quickly or the tears would flow.

My stair corners are covered with cobwebs - - an open closet door reveals empty hangers where his clothing

used to hang. My wall shows the outline where a grandfather's clock hung and ticked away time through many years. The rain has found its way through the curling board roof and stained my ceiling. Birds build their nests on my roof plates - - their sweet songs make me less lonely.

Folks call me an ugly old thing, but they forget that I was once very pretty and much loved. Now that the last of my family has gone, never to return, I wonder how much longer I can live with no one to care for me. Perhaps someday, a friend will see that I could be made attractive and worthy of their efforts, and again I may live and be proudly called GRANDDAD'S PLACE.

big view tidings

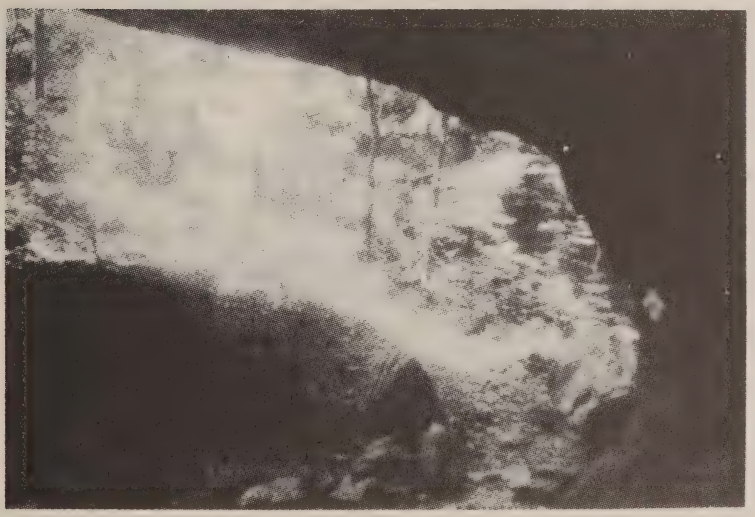
LAST WEEK I put on my best appearance; I wore my freshest and most enticing charms. The path leading to my estate was dotted with many wild flowers and even the most humble weeds wore an air of elegance, as they had received a shower and the sunlight playing through the trees, kissed them gently. The sky showed her most beautiful powder blue and a few fleecy clouds added to the enchantment.

The boulders and rocks glistened as crystal settings took on the appearance of diamonds in the sunshine. My streams were bubbling over, and dancing on their merry way to somewhere. The wind was very calm but, when my guests approached, he gently swayed the trees to a welcoming bow and the flowers to a friendly nod. It seemed as if the birds, too, were most friendly, and sang their sweetest songs for my guests. Frogs, minnows and tadpoles played in the shallow pools, while lizards of many colors climbed and darted in the rocks.

My waterfall was a glorious sight as she tumbled over the glistening rocks and spilled millions of gallons of water into the valley stream, while my guests looked on in wonder and admiration. Their cameras clicked endless-

ly - - black and white pictures, color slides and movies were made of my natural beauty. They ate their lunch sitting on my rock chairs, which they said were as comfortable as man-made chairs. They enjoyed drinking clear, cool water running from the rocks and crevices, and, after their visit, when they started home, they waded my streams and, looking back, they paid me the most wonderful compliments - - calling me beautiful and enchanting, and worthy of worldly fame.

My guests were Johnny Gray, official hi-way photographer, his daughter, Barbara, of Little Rock; her friend, Judy Willman, of Lonoke; and the Bob Reads' of Big View. Oh yes, once I was called Cobb's Cove, but now I am known as "Lost Valley."



tree alike to man

EMPTY ARMS are like dead branches on a tree of the forest which stands alone, trying to defy the storms and angry moods of the winds. Little by little it becomes destroyed. When hope returns with the spring and the sap starts to flow through its veins, it then shows new life scars on its heart. Never will the tree be fully restored in hope and beauty. Its music is plaintive as it rocks and joins in the chorus of the dwellers of the forest. It has held against its breast many families from generation to generation. It has sheltered and held the secrets of its people - - both gay and melancholy. It has heard the rhythmic beat of savage drums, the chant of natives, the first cry of the new-born and the last wail of the cry of death.

The most beautiful of queenly garments from a misty jade green veil to a rich ermine cloak, jewels of diamonds, emeralds, turquoise and rubies have been lavished upon it by old man winter. Fall has bestowed its most beautiful garments of rich deep velvet hue to blend with yellows, greens and gold.

The sun has kissed its hair and the rain has bathed it in its tears. Rocking the little orioles in their low hanging

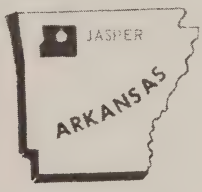
homes, humming sweet lullabies, sheltering the rabbits, coon, fox and possum from their enemies and keeping them dry when the rains beat heavily on the earth has been only a small part of the tree's duties in protecting life.

With its empty arms outstretched to the skies, forsaken by the friends it has dedicated its life to make happy - - robbed of the beauty of its youth and with its head bowed low by time, I wonder if it does not know how alike it is to man - - this one we call tree.

you have yet to live

IF YOU HAVE NOT SEEN beyond the harsh grind of adversity clouds like garments of shadowed lace floating low, fragile and exquisite as they move in rhythm to the wind's low singing - - noticed in the calm oblivion of dusk shadows across the hills as they play among the trees; if you have not listened to a hoot owl as he hoots his message to his mate and listened to her answering hoot; if you have not watched the birds at building and hatching time with admiration and wonder, and listened to the first cry of new-born things; if you have not seen a winding country road framed with ash, oak, cedar, pine, dogwood, locust and other timber, the cedars with ornaments of blue berries that make for fine food and shelter for the birds during winter's windy freezing visits - - the green mistletoe and its waxy white berries resting on the barren limbs of the trees - - hollow logs covered with moss which acts as a storehouse, rumpus room and hideout for many woodland creatures - - jagged rocks standing high above the hills as sentinels overlooking the valley below - - patches of winter oats and grazing stock, which speak of the earth's richness - - creeks, ponds and overflowing springs which sing merrily their invitation to anglers and those for a thirst of the best in drinking water - - rail fences and rock walls

that belong only to rural places represent hours of labor and patience, a rustic beauty which is becoming almost extinct - - the dried muscadines hanging in large bunches on winding ropes of vine; if you have not watched little spirals of smoke swirling back against the sky - - rabbits hopping in and out of brush piles and across the road - - a sow trying to teach her saucy faced little ones that they are too old to depend on her for food, shoving them away with her snout, and sometimes upsetting them as they squeal loudly and hurry back for another lesson - - curious cows that stare as they chew their cuds - - the whinny of a horse as it romps, kicking its heels, happy with the feel of brisk cool air, while its foal looks on and then attempts to follow suit; if you have not heard baying of the hounds on a fox chase or seen mail boxes of all descriptions, from wooden boxes and pails to regulation ones, bearing the names of those you know who share this Newton County with you; if you have witnessed these things found only in the backwoods and country roads, and not felt a great love of this beauty and contact with a silent mystery and the nearness of the Master to all this, His handiwork, my friend, you have yet to live.



big view tidings

CONTENTMENT surely should come to a man who walks the fertile ground, with the love of the earth in his heart - - whose eyes catch the view of a patch of foamy clouds and filmy mist, a purple halo of the summit of a far away mountain, the twisted smoke as it escapes the chimneys of the farm house, the graceful sailing of the hawks into the gateway of the west; the man who hears not just the wail of the wind, but its soft lullabys as well; a man whose ears are attuned to the waterfalls and the great music of all the creatures of the woodland and who can hear the voice of God above them all - - a man who not only sees the earth's beauty in fair weather, but in the bleak rain, snow and cloudy skies, and when he can count jewels in the frozen raindrops on the grass and branches of the trees - - a man who feels the cleanliness of a fog bath or a summer shower - - a man who loves simplicity and values the friendship of his neighbors - - a man who finds that little things are of great importance when they are a part of nature - - a man whose heart is saddened by another's grief and tries to dull its sting - - a man who takes the time to do things beyond the line of so called duty, with another's happiness in mind. If all these come ahead of self, this man, I believe, is surely bound to find contentment and love.

a chapel in the hills

IF YOU ARE WEARY of searching endlessly for the church that satisfies your heart and soul completely, and you cannot seem to find it, or have given up hope, won't you come to ME? My Master built me strong, and worthy of serving his children, with no restrictions as to creed, race or color. When your heart is heavy, and you wish to cry out in prayer, my doors are always open for you to enter at any time, My ceiling is the eternal sky - - my floor the good earth, and my carpets change with the seasons - - spring and summer greens, autumn browns, and often a pure white carpet in winter.

Majestic cliffs are my walls, my music is supplied by the echoes of the forest. The song birds are my choir. Nearby rippling streams sing in harmony. Hushed and tranquil, the hills stand in their mysterious beauty as they listen to the prayers and confessions of the congregation, and, not to feel Diety here is to walk in darkness, and oblivion. At special evening services the stars flicker as altar candles and the moon lights the sanctuary. Hill voices are clear and resonant. Who am I? I am a chapel in the hills, and I have no denomination. I belong to God. He created me so that I might bring you peace and comfort. He is always here to walk and talk with you. To find me, just lift your eyes unto the hills - - many paths will lead you to me and you will always be welcome.

symphony

MY BLESSINGS are many. I have heard the echoes of the hills in remote caverns - - the gentle ripple of a stream, and the rage of that same stream when disturbed by the fury of the elements - - the low moo of a cow as she gives birth to her young, and the baby's responding sound to her voice.

Pleasant are the chatterings of a squirrel; the Bob White and the Whippoorwill calls. Sweet are the songs of many birds, and a night bird's plaintive cry. The croaking of the frogs in the ponds, and the katydid, locust and cricket sounds and the hum of hiving bees, are welcome sounds and vibrations.

The low moaning of the pines and the wind singing in the trees; the long roar of thunder as it resounds through the hills, valleys and cliffs - - the baying of the foxhounds and the sharp bark of the hunting dogs when they tree, are my music. A sound almost extinct is the grind of wagon wheels on country roads; and the squeak of a well rope on its pulley is also slowly becoming just a memory.

I have heard the shrill laughter of children at play - - the sincerity of a neighbor's "Y'all come, and you'ns better

stay with we'uns," a friend's kind and reassuring words in time of lamentation.

A sweet lullaby of a mother as she holds her baby close to her breast - - folk songs as only my people can sing them - - the clear ring of a woodsman's axe and saw as they bite into the timber - - the sound of stamping cattle - - falling milk as it first hits the empty pail; the patter of the rain, blessing its earthly children, And, lest I forget, my own prayer of thanksgiving - - Thank you, dear Lord, for my symphony, and make me worthy of my name: A Hillbilly's Ears.

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People have been most kind to me, and I now feel that all the years I have served them has not been in vain. They used to avoid me and say many unkind things about me - - strangers despised me and said as long as I remained rough and dangerous that they would go a long way to shun me. My home folks had tried to make excuses for me by saying that I was not as bad as some they had known and that I would be really beautiful if I could have a little surgery and a fine new coat; that my curves were beautiful and should be admired rather than shunned. There was much talk about what could be done for me to make me more desirable and appreciated, especially by newcomers and visitors in our beautiful Newton County. I am now most lucky and perhaps it is because I was given a lucky number for a name. Yes, I am Hi-way No. 7 - - a child of the State of Arkansas.

I have been blessed with good fortune - - or should I say blessed with friends that love me enough to see that I was cared for and given the advantages that improved my looks until I am now considered most beautiful and no longer an ugly duckling, but so much desired that folks from all over come to see me and to attend a dedication in my honor. Mayor Arbaugh has been most interested in my welfare and has done everything a good citizen could do to make a lady out of me, and I owe much to him. My surgeons - - The Quapaw Construction Company worked hard and faithfully in all kinds of weather to give me the treatments which I had to have for endurance as well as beauty. I am photographed from all angles, and by people from every state, I am very proud when I see all the beautiful markers, maps, literature and signs which bear my name - - State Highway No. 7. Immia Vincit Labor.

big view

LOOKING DOWN from Big View Lane into Red Rock and Big Creek Valley is to see meadows that resemble a checkerboard with their rows of baled hay. The sound of the mower echoes through the hills and on the breeze rides the sweet scent of new mown hay. Some of the meadows are clear and brown, where the hay has been cut and stored for winter in barns or in stacks in the field.

The stock are fat and slick as they glean the choice grasses and scatterings, contently chewing their cuds as they watch their frisky, romping offspring.

Patches of red and gold are along the roadside - - the sumac, like small children, cannot wait to don their new fall dresses which will be faded when the trees will add full dress to their accessories they are now showing in reds and copper. Yellow patches of pansey - - purple and white astor, poke bushes with their red stalks and berries blend well with the yellow of the golden rod.

Mosquito hawks dart in and out of the weeds and brush. Many butterflies of various colorings rest on the foliage. Acorns hang heavy on the oak, waiting for Jack Frost to release them from their cups.

Squirrels chatter loudly as they busily fill their storehouses and await the ripening of the chinquapin and black walnuts. The grasshoppers, crickets and locust are unusually noisy, rehearsing their fall musical before winter arrives to put them to sleep.

Bright yellow dots of ungathered pumpkin and ripe cucumber shine in the gardens, where also a few red peppers cling to their stalks, and some okra is still young and green against the rattling pods of others.

The Opossum, coon and rabbit are waiting for the persimmons to sweeten so that they may eat their fill. Crows are enjoying their raids of the farmer's corn and kaffir. Song birds seem to sing the sweeter and longer at this time, as if giving thanks to their Maker for a bountiful harvest.

What a fine example for we humans, who are quite apt to take for granted all the wealth and beauty of our Newton County harvest.

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Walking along solitary trails through woodlands, I have a sense of being a part of all I survey. Then a surge of childhood recollections, coupled with the bitterness of unfulfilled desires, a regret prevails, that these moments have been so long withheld. But bitterness cannot remain here because of the beauty, tranquility, and great depths

of space varies only by the resonancy of nature's sounds. Even when tranquility changes to a great outburst of the elements, as if releasing pent up emotion and gives out in the voice of thunder, I think, "How like unrestrained humanity are the elements, from a sunny and winsome disposition, to a vindictive outburst of emotional rage." Then, as if spent, they fall back to a relaxing calm.

To know that I am a part of the good earth, is to know that I am indeed wealthy. What matter if there is no medium of exchange - - if my money purse is empty? Do not my eyes own the sky, moon, sun and stars? I am a stockholder in all the wealth of nature. I also own in the sight of man, and possessed by money, a slice of Newton County. I am a property owner, and all of the grandest gifts of nature are thrown in for good measure.

Awaken early in the morning when things are crisp as organdy in frost, and the sunrise reflects its rosy glow in the heavens, and trees make lacy cobweb patterns, black against the sky. Partake of a good, country breakfast of food raised and grown on native soil - - a meal to create and sustain energy for a long hike. Put all unpleasant happenings and work-day thoughts out of mind, and take to the woods.

Take a trail that leads to a gap in the hills where the wind carries a rhythmic wail, like the songs of India. Search for the most remote caverns, where vegetation is buried and forgotten. Touch the rock walls, etched deep by dripping water, and study the pattern made by time. Watch the bats as they cling to the cavern's ceiling, seemingly unmindful of man's existence. Sit here awhile, undisturbed, recalling the things close to your heart.

As you leave the cavern, look for the blue sky which seems even bluer through the cave opening than after you step outside, Look for the different forms of wildlife, and study the wood creatures at their varied tasks, with God as their co-laborer. Count your many blessings and make a mind appointment for an early return to the beauty and wonder of all nature's artists. Give thanks for the right to live in a free country, where you can honestly say, "This is a wonderful Thanksgiving!"

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Summer is becoming tired and restless and taunts and arouses me from my slumber, telling me of her intentions to rest, and that I must waken and take care of her hills and valleys until Winter is sent to relieve me. I have not rested as long as usual - - perhaps Indian Summer will give me a little rest, if Winter is prone to sleep longer.

I have some beautiful reds, yellows and golds, with which to make people happy and proud of the garments I paint for them. I shall do my best to give them a bountiful harvest, which they have rightfully earned, My winds will cool the air of Summer; Jack Frost will touch the winter grapes, persimmons and pumpkins to give them extra sweetness and flavor. The poke berries are putting on their shiney reds; the hoot and screech owls' nightly call; the baying of the hounds as they run a fox; spicy odors from farm kitchens, are heralds of my approach. Cellars are full of canned stuffs; barns full of sweet-smelling hay; happy voices of the children as they talk of school,

all tell me I must awaken and take over. I hope you, my people, will soon be able to say that I have made you happy and fulfilled all the wishes you made and prayed for me to grant. I, of course, will do as the Master bids me, and I know that it will be the best. I will see you as soon as I am more rested, so that I may serve you well - - Your Fall of 1957.

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I have traveled many trails thru the forest and woodlands, drank from the clear cool streams, made my bed on the golden leaves of autumn. I have feasted on the first green of springtime and nibbled dainty morsels from rocks and streams. Fascinated, I've beheld the gentle west wind bend the grasses to make a shadow, and toss the waving grain, then pass over the mountains, humming a song. I've ventured close to the farmers' homes, and eaten with their cattle and lapped freely of the salt blocks in the pasture.

People have seen me in my favorite haunts and did not try to harm me. Then comes the hunting season, when my life, and the lives of my family are at stake. The baying of the hunter's dogs as they seek my trails, the sharp report of guns and the whining bullets, put panic in my heart. I know that I may soon be taken from the woods and hills I love. Have I not seen a red stream flow from a bullet wound on one of my young, turning the brown leaves red as she stood trembling, unable to go further, while I, helpless, watched her die, and by a miracle escaped the same fate?

Autumn is too beautiful to be invaded with the lust for flesh and the joy of the kill. My head carries antlers of many points. I wonder if they will be a trophy this year? Perhaps our Maker will see fit to curb the desire to kill, put pity in the hearts of men, and spare my life another year. Please help me to live and always be, your friend - Deer.

inventory

THE EARTH IS DROWSY - - the brilliant tints have gone from the hills. A restlessness seems to dwell in man and beasts. Autumn shivers in the cool breeze - - birds cling a little closer to the cedars and brush piles. Flowers shake and scatter their dead leaves and petals, the grasses are scattering their seed to be embedded in the earth by the fall rains - - a promise of new life in the spring.

Wild geese fly high with a lonely cry - - crows caw loudly, and hawks and buzzards hover over jagged points and rock rims. The still water is covered with fallen leaves, and in the swifter streams they are hurled and tossed as they travel on and on, caught here and there by some protruding object in their course.

Grey smoke curls against the sky as bonfires and brush piles burn the gleanings of the field and waste of fallen timber. The stirring odor of fat pine burning travels on the breeze. The air is filled with spicy odors.

Plowed fields of brown hold the seeds of winter grasses - - wood piles stand high by farmhouse fences, stoops and woodlots, from the barn doors and windows, wisps of hay push through and hang from stuffed mows.

Black walnuts are scattered here and there in piles and driveways, where they have been put to dry. The hen bush is full of grape-blue berries, while the red polk berries are fast withering and drying on the bush. Persimmons still cling to their leafless trees, awaiting the cold breath of Jack Frost to make them more sweet and push them from their calyxes.

Evening skies have a mottled effect like the cold cheeks of the aged, and the stars seem even brighter in the cold grey setting. The stock in the pastures huddle a little closer as night sets in, and their low has a melancholy sound as if saying good-bye to summer and their lush green pastures. Neighbors have a little more time to 'sit a spell.'

In taking inventory these may seem simple things, but would we be content to live without the transformations that mark the changing seasons? We may know that winter lies close to the warm breath of spring.

I do not remember the author, but this was said by an astronomer to his pupil: "Though my soul may set in darkness, it will rise in perfect light; I have loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night."

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Night will soon let down her curtain, and above, the fleecy canopy will bedeck itself with stars.

From the chimneys, black smoke swirls against the sky and sometimes it bears the spicy odor of fat pine.

The cheery voice of a neighbor, returning from the woods with his axe over his shoulder says, "How are Y'all? Better come home with me." Forgetting time, I feel that nothing else is as important as the changing hills with their changing moods. If I wait a little longer the farmer will call his hogs; drive in the milk cows; a youngster or two will chop some kindling and carry in armfuls of wood, and, if they don't see me watching, perhaps I may hear them sing at their work as they often do.

Dusk is rapidly giving way to night, and blue jeans and wraps of the wearers blend into the shadows. The woman enters the house and sparks fly from the chimney as she vigorously pokes the logs in the fireplace.

Listen! There is the hog-calling, and it echoes clearly as the sound hits the cliffs and hills. The caller walks slowly, calling all the while; opens a gate, sliding the poles back and dropping them to the ground. The call changes to his cattle call and I can see cattle and hogs coming into the barn lot. A cow tosses her head, then pushes it against a squealing pig. A horse whinnies as it waits for hay to be thrown from the loft.

The trees which Jack Frost has robbed of their beautiful leaves, stand naked with arms outstretched like ebony sticks against the sky - - Nature's etchings that many an artist has longed to make copy of. Boulders take the forms of beasts; a stump becomes a crouching dog - - night has settled in silent mystery. These may be just little everyday things, in this busy world of ours, but without them, there would be great emptiness. Big View has given me another chapter of beauty for my book of memories of the country I love.

to whom it may concern

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOTS on No. 7 highway has been impaired by the uprooting of a beautiful tree at the edge of the cliff overlooking Big Creek Valley. Pictures of this scene have appeared on postcards, in magazines and on maps. It is a favorite stop of tourists to take snapshots.

The tree is being allowed to die but its roots still cling to the earth and it is the opinion of many, including this reporter, that it can survive if raised and re-set. It and a companion tree have stood for years as sentinels, watching over the valley below. Can we do something to restore this tree? It is north of McElroy Gap.

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Not to be outdone by the fire red of the sumac, and the gold of the goldenrod, many trees are beginning to show some of their fall colorings, and the elderberries and wild grapes are hanging in abundance along the country roads. Wild plums will soon ripen, fragrant and enticing. What jelly could be more tasty than the wild plum? The black walnuts are also showing heavy yields and they seem larger than usual this year. The mountain sides and valleys are green and beautiful after the good showers. We have much to be thankful for.

caution, dangerous curves

I HAVE TRIED to make people believe me, but because I am deaf and dumb, there are those who ignore me and pass as rapidly as they can. I face all kinds of weather in order to serve mankind, and to protect them from danger. Because of my inability to shout a warning, many have suffered great loss, even death.

I stand guard beside one of the most beautiful ladies to be found. She entices people from all over the United States to visit and admire her beauty. Sometimes they are so engrossed in her charms that they fail to see me standing by her side with my message of danger. Some do not realize that the lady, who is known as Parkway Drive, can be destructive as well as intriguing when her beauty and incitative curves are underestimated. She would never harm anyone who knew and obeyed her password, which is 'Caution.' I ask for such a little - - the protection of those who pass through my guard. I am only a sentinel - - a sign, if you like that name best, but won't you please believe me when I show you these words, "Caution!" "Dangerous Curves!"

our soil bank

I HAVE HAD A MUCH NEEDED REST in order that I could give my best from spring until fall. All people depend upon me for their livelihood. Many things exist only through my charity. Already I have felt the warm breath of spring, but she was reluctant to remain, giving promise of an early return. My heart is stirred with new life as those within my keeping awaken to the approach of spring. Soon human hands will attend to my welfare and place seeds in my keeping with hopes of a bountiful harvest. As they lift me from my winter bed and give me nourishing food, they will find a certain fragrance which the Master gave only to me, and some will remark, "I love the odor of Good Earth." It is then, under God's supervision, and the care of mankind, that I pledge the fulfillment of their dreams - - a good harvest - - for I am the Good Earth - - The Soil of Newton County.

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For a real treat in the realm of beauty, whenever there is fog over and in the valley, don't miss it. It is worth driving miles to see. The valley becomes a winding river with many channels. Depth seems to be added to by miles as one looks down into Big Creek Valley from Highway 7. When the lights are on at night in the valley, it is to imagine there are lighted boats on the river and stars in the trees. It would be hard to find a name to fully describe this beautiful valley, so, until that time comes, we shall be content to call it Big Creek Valley - - a name well known.

moody autumn

IMBERED PRIVANCIES, like rooms of great desire, above parting trees, let light in to dance on the earth's carpet of fallen leaves, red, gold, yellow, violet, vermillion, copper and brown, to make the perfect color scheme. A streak of silver dances down the wall of rock and falls to the floor's edge to make a rippling stream. Ferns cling to the crevices, crawdads crawl in damp clay.

The air is fresh and sweet with its perfume of spicy wood odors as mint, pennyroyal, cedar, pine and ripe persimmon fruit. The wind sways the trees as their leaves dance a ballet, fall in a whirl of beauty and grace. Hedge crickets and the sweet throated songs of birds are their music.

But, Autumn is the most moody of all seasons; there will be great still beauty everywhere, then he will summon the wind to toss the trees and strip them of their finery and all his beautiful artistry. He will leave the trees naked and shivering and taunt them with his howls and melancholy winds.

Then suddenly, as if ashamed of his display of tempest, he will quiet down, and like a child, shed a few tears to put on his smile of sunshine. These moods come and go until he no longer is in rule and winter takes the throne. Many feel that Autumn is a melancholy season, but is it not the fulfillment of summer's promise of harvest? When the earth's children take inventory and give thanks for all the wonderful gifts of nature? It is the filling of our horn of plenty.

tick, tock

S I AWAKEN in the stillness of night the tick of the clock laughs at me and torments me by seeming to say: "You can stop me, but you cannot stop the time I tick away, for it will go on and on and drag you with it until your eyes are dim, your skin wrinkled, your steps slow and your bones brittle. The only way for you to stop it is to cheat time and go on ahead -- let yourself lie in the cold rotting earth where no one can hurt you - - my tick unheard as I continue to keep time which brought for you so much unhappiness. Your soul, which no one can see or know, will rest undisturbed by the fickleness, greed and neglect which brought you misery. No more will you cry because of an unrequitted love, an abandoned home, the untraveled path leading to it. You will not be hurt by the thud of a dying bird as it falls to earth - - the lonely whimper of a deserted dog - - the sight of a young life standing without shelter in a freezing rain or snow. You will forget the passing of your loved ones, the yearning for once familiar sights and places."

Clock, what are you suggesting? Why do you upset me so? I will not allow it. So tick on and on, caressed only by the mechanical hands of hours and minutes. What makes you think that you can unnerve me to the point of departure? Instead, I shall defy you and your march of

time and remain to laugh at your silly tick-tock sounds. No, I will, instead, find music and rhythm in your voice and it shall please and not disturb me as I go about my Father's business.

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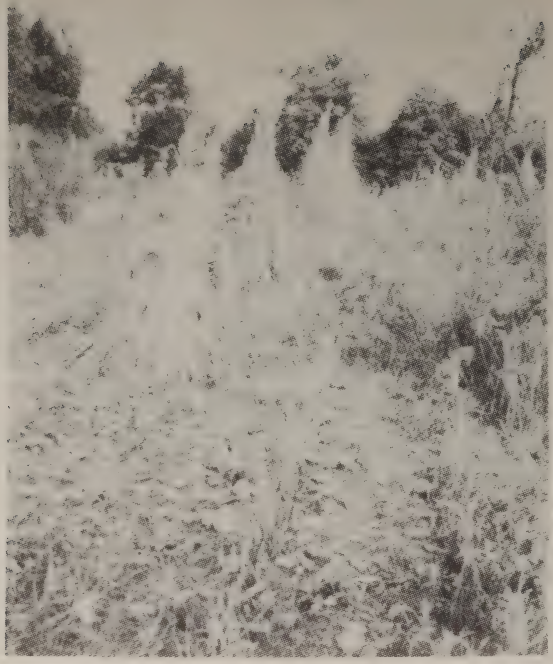
I am not weary. It is almost time for me to bid you, my children, goodbye and to give my crown to a young and promising ruler whom I feel will do well for you, and even exceed my gift of harvest, beauty and prosperity, as my successor has the benefit of the experience and the failures I may've made to improve his knowledge of what to do for the well being of his family. Never was one more fortunate than the new ruler in the things he has to work with here.

There is an abundance of the basic ingredients for health, beauty, wealth and prosperity, if properly used and appreciated.



The hills and valleys hold an immeasurable beauty - - from a spectacular, grand and awesome one to a quiet, restful and simple beauty, and an abundance of everlasting and excellent water - - the most fertile of soil acres, of beautiful timber.

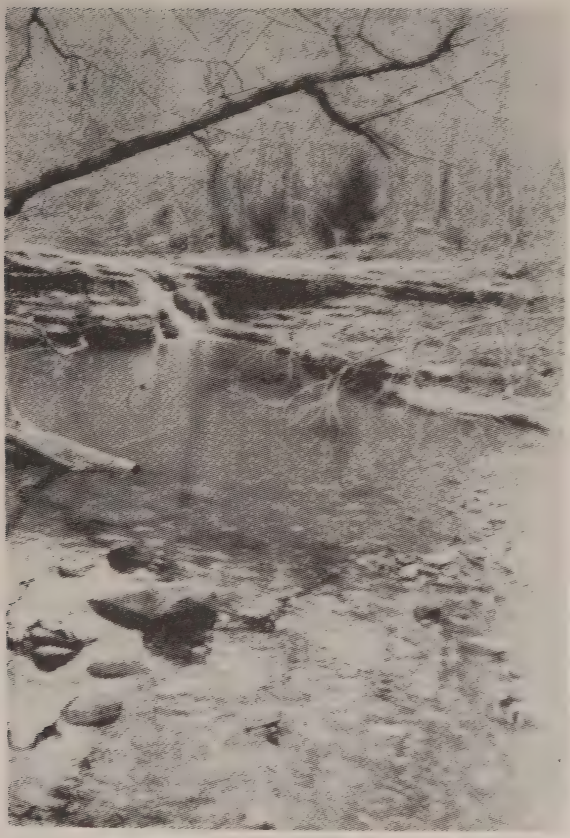
Green pastures raise healthy stock - - the sun over the mountains at daybreak is a benediction of the Master, and a lovely prayer at sundown when the day is put to sleep with a promise of a bright tomorrow.

Friendly, unpretentious homes, built with loving hands, homes that glow with the wealth of welcome and friendship, and friendly voices and warm hand clasps for those

that enter there. Here dwells a people that are not envious of another's gain, even though it may be their loss.

Master '64, I welcome you with a wish that your life will be filled with the richest of all blessings - - the love of my people and their loyalty to you and their Newton County.

Your Old Year



for recon-sideration

I HAVE JUST HAD A BIRTHDAY -- my 10th -- but it was a most unhappy one; although all about me was great beauty and my family stood very handsome in their brilliant green garments, freshly bathed by the rain. I was standing under the shelter of one of my elder sisters' arms and we swayed and hummed softly in the rhythm of the south wind. Some of the oaks took part in the dance, but not the song. Mistletoe with its white wax-like berries cling tightly to their arms, rocking to and fro.

A red bird suddenly rested on my crown, resembling a ruby there. Soon it was followed by its mate in its feathery brown attire. This pair most likely was the cause of my doom, because it attracted humans to me while watching my bird visitors.

They first took pictures of the birds and my surroundings -- the tall cliffs behind me and all my cedar family. Then the remark that chilled the heart of me: "What a fine Christmas tree this will be, with its full limbs and an excellent size to fit between our windows." More talk of my beauty and then their intentions to return with an axe to cut me down the week before Christmas.

If only they would reconsider and buy a tree that looks like me that would not need to spill its life's blood for such a few hours just to be bedecked in tinsel and stars. Real stars have shone in my branches, and I have been bedecked with the most beautiful jewels of ice and snow, with the moonlight playing around me. Surely if they would visit me at these times, they could not rob me of my beauty which they could watch from year to year as I grow nearer to the sky. Perhaps the winds will blow and bend me low to earth that they may not find me, and they will seek an artificial tree and spare the life of me.

a christmas appeal

AS I WATCH PEOPLE pass with their eyes turned from me, I wonder why the good Lord did not give me a voice that I could use while ill and in need of help. My singing voice was stilled when I was condemned to die by the cruel beating of the south wind while in a bit of fury. My life blood is slowly ebbing, but I still have enough in my veins that I can retain my color.

My sister standing by me, moans softly and weeps when the rain covers me. She bends to me with low whispers of courage, but she cannot lift me, and in her loneliness and despair over my fate, she wails and tries to attract attention to the ones that have watched me from my infancy - - those that we have sheltered and posed for together - - pictures that they might add to their collection.

Tourists have bought pictures of my sister and me that were put on postcards. We have watched the valley people come and go, and have stood proudly side by side in all kinds of weather.

I feel that my sister will soon die if someone won't listen to her pleading and come to my rescue. I could be given the same food which was snatched from me when I

was beaten by the south wind. Won't someone please help me to my feet and feed me with the good earth and allow me to be the tree and landmark that God, my maker, intended me to be. Surely, He will bless you for your kindness and compassion as you give me life for a Christmas gift and in return my services and watch over mankind will continue.

You will find me prone at my sister's feet at the lookout by McElroy Gap on South 7.

Merry Christmas and God bless you and send you to my rescue.

Sincerely,

Your Pine Tree

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What would we do without our feathered friends? Each tribe has its respective duty to perform in the interest of nature. The crow is really a friend to the farmer, not an enemy, as it has been found that the vast quantities of insects and grubs that he devours, make him do more good than harm, even tho he does take part pay by pulling up grains of corn. The hawk and swallow are guardians of the atmosphere, and check the increase of insects that would otherwise overload it. Woodpeckers and chickadees are guardians of the tree trunks. Fly-catchers and warblers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, crows, thrushes and larks protect the soil's surface. It is a fact that if all birds were swept off the face of the earth, man could not survive; vegetation would wither and die; the insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attacks. It is believed that the destruction brought on in the west by grasshoppers may have been caused by the thinning out of the prairie hen and grouse that feed upon them. Let's spare the birds and wave the fruit, and have the sweetest of all music, the song of the birds.

"Bad will be the day for every man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the thoughts that he is thinking, with the deeds that he is doing, when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is still, in spite of all, the child of God."

Phillips Brooks

oblivion

GREAT LOSS would be to know that I might never walk these familiar forest trails again - - no more hear the songs of the birds I have watched and listened to for so long; not to see the curl of smoke from the farm homes tucked away in the serenity of the hills; not to hear the rush of water over the creek rocks and the dripping of many springs from the bluffs and boulder crevices, not the tree songs and the echo of farmers' voices as they call their livestock in; not to be able to see the newly plowed earth or to smell its pungent odor - - to miss the thrill of finding the first of the spring flowers - - the lack of the sweet scent that locust blooms and wild cherry give to the air and the pleasing odor of fat pine burning; not to hear the sound of the woodman's axe and saw that, although many miles away seem to be so very close - - the baby cries of new born animals, the low moo of the cow as sound of falling rain on a tin roof; to be oblivious to the seeming nearness of the stars, the various wind songs from a frenzy to a hushed lullaby, the call and answering call of the hoot owl; no more to study the moonbeam path that touches the hills and valleys and the fog mist that gathers there.

To say goodbye to Newton County and the ones that will remain here among these treasures would plunge a soul into deep oblivion.

Meet -

Millicent Read

MILLICENT READ

MILLICENT READ was born in New England. There she spent her early girlhood and attended school.

At an early age, she left home to embark upon a successful dramatic career, a career for which she had had considerable dramatic training. She played in stock, musical comedy and vaudeville and appeared on stages in almost every state as well as in the Canadian Provinces.

Mrs. Read has also authored several plays which have

been produced by repertoire and stock companies. Among them are "Special Edition," "Dr. Gray's Ghost," "Here's Elmer," "At Sundown," "That's The Ticket," and several others.

She met her husband, Robert Read, while playing in stock. He was a member of the orchestra, and at the end of the season, they were married. Then, Mr. Read enlisted in the 'Big Show' and, after his discharge in 1945, they moved to Newton County, Arkansas.

Then and there began the passionate love and appreciation for the beauty of the land and a happy serenity in the companionship of the Hill Folk which is expressed in every line of her writing.

"A Touch of Newton County" was first written as a series of columns which were printed in the local weekly paper. Visitors from all over the United States, vacationing in this lovely region, after reading her column in the weekly, prevailed upon her to compile them into this book.

Our Own
'Touch of Newton County'
(Notes, Memories and Pictures)

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